olume IX Chicago, Ill., October, 1932 Number 7

The Liberalist

FROM "THE MASSES"

Where weary folks toil, black with smoke,
And hear but whistles scream,
I went—all fresh from dawn and dew
To carry them a dream.

I went to bitter lanes and dark,
—Who once had known the sky—
To carry them a dream— and found
They had more dreams than I.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

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The Peoples Church

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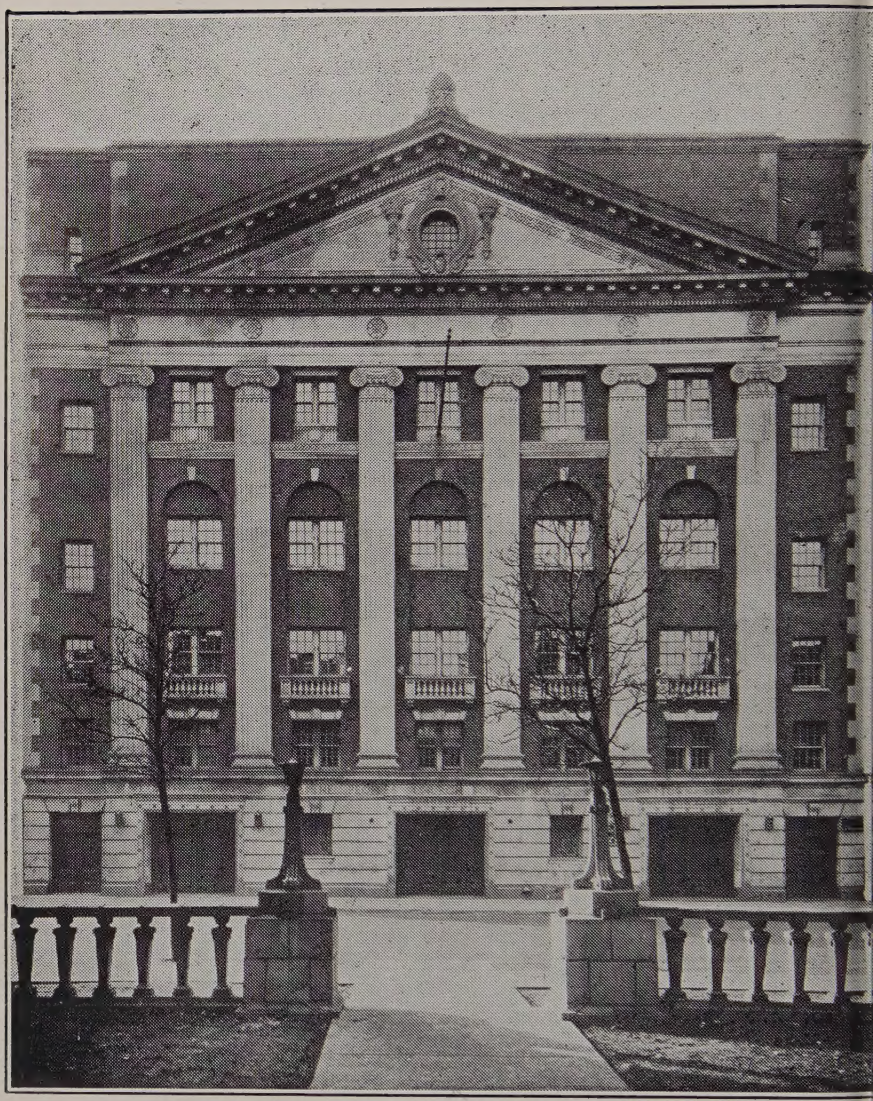

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE. Near Sheridan Road.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

Volume IX Chicago, Ill., October, 1932 Number 7

MEDITATION

"Divine and perfect Love, the ceaseless turning of the days and the constant swinging of the weeks have brought us back again into this temple of love and quiet and of peace. Outside we have left the confusion and the clatter of the week, and there has been much confusion and much clatter! Outside we have left the din and the fury, the worry, the care, and into the beauty and strength of quiet places we have invited our souls. After all the noise and the confusion of our workaday world, after the failure of friends, after the disillusionment of human hearts, after the frustration of hope, after the tragedy of despair, after the pangs of remorse and the hurting of sin, after all that is lived during this past week, into the presence of the altogether perfect, the altogether lovely, the altogether pure, the altogether beautiful, we come.

As the articulate voice of the vast numbers of human hearts, some of whom are very weary, very tired, some of whom have kept on with their morale trying to look through overcast skies and know that sunlight is there, trying to look through hearts that failed them and know that somewhere love is genuine, trying to dry up tears that come from an aching and broken life with the knowledge that somewhere life is strong, life is beautiful. Some come today in the flush of victory, in the triumph of success, who look back on a week of conquest and are vibrant and physically alert to the joy and beauty of life. However we come, whether we are rich, whether we are poor, whether we are vibrant and dynamic, or whether we are just holding on to the threads of life expecting them to snap at any moment, whatever the background or circumstances that motivate us, we open our hearts and we open our minds, and we ask that out of the storehouse of thy unlimited energy and thy unbounded love there may be shed abroad in our hearts, of whatever creed or race or color, social circumstance and position of life, a conception of the divine reality of thy perfection.

May that lift our hearts and may that magnetize our souls, may it draw faces toward the light so that out of the confusion and chaos and din, greed and graft of all of our world, we tarry, we linger for a manifestation of Love.

To every heart suffering, to every body racked in pain, to every soul that just now may be walking the room somewhere in remorse and sorrow, infinite Good, divine Purpose, everlasting Love, heal, bind, hold the hearts of men. May we not let go of that. May we anchor to it like storm tossed ships anchor to the depths of the seabed! May we anchor to that like a little child turns to the breast of its mother when it is hungry; may we anchor to that as we seek the heart of a friend when the world seems cruelly misunderstanding. May we anchor to that when all the hollow emptiness of wealth and pomp and power fail; may we anchor to that Love and that Divinity and may we give it opportunity to remold and remake the world.

For this we pray; for this we hope, and for this we wait."

"THE FORGOTTEN MAN—WHO IS HE?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, October 30, 1932

"The present Governor of New York, in one of his early major speeches in the present campaign which he is conducting for the presidency of the United States, used a phrase that had about it a poetic charm and a sympathetic association that lovers of liberty and those whose sympathies are with the oppressed and downtrodden of humanity, reacted to with decided favor.

The phrase is not a new phrase, and the Governor of New York neglected, after using the phrase, to do what speech makers very frequently neglect, that is the introduction of a phrase incorporating an idea, and then not building logically and definitely a complete analysis as to the real significance of the phrase. That is always the danger of extemporaneous speech making and of some prepared speeches as well, of only intimating, so that those who follow on develop a distorted and somewhat chaotic idea. So when he used the phrase 'The forgotten man' and then applied that phrase with a certain application to our present situation in the nation, it immediately was incorporated, as most catch phrases are, into a certain realm of discussion and has been battered to and fro on the part of a great many speech makers, editors, writers, etc., until I thought it might be clarifying and interesting, and I hope inspiring, if for a little while this morning I might take your time by giving you a history of the phrase, and then making an application of the phrase as I see it to our whole modern, social, industrial, economic and religious scene.

The phrase itself has a definite charm for the sympathetically inclined person. It has somewhat of the same charm as the title of a rather famous novel of some years ago, a book called 'The Port of Missing Men.' It has something that strikes within all of us, I think, a responsive chord of sympathy and of helpfulness and of understanding—'The Forgotten Man.'

As I have listened to the various speeches—and I try to hear all that it is possible for me to hear—being under the curse of democracy, as Plato once called it, oratory, and I think he was right, if we recover from our speeches we will be doing well in the United States in the next ten years, and so in all of the speeches that I have been able to hear I have heard this phrase once in a while—'The Forgotten Man.' I said to myself, what do they mean when they say 'The Forgotten Man?' I know what man is, and I know what it means to be forgotten, and probably to be forgotten is one of the most tragic experiences that can come to a human heart—to be forgotten, TO BE FORGOTTEN, that is tragedy! And so I said, here's a phrase, 'The forgotten man' which has in its very utterance something that touches the wellsprings of our hearts. Then I thought, is it mere sentimentality? Is it being used merely from the psychology of good political expediency? Is it one of those utterances so frequently used by politicians just before election that are quite forgotten after the battle is over? Is it a sly reference in its psychological appeal to win that inarticulate, restless, nervous, worried group in American life who are going to refuse this year, as never before, to be counted before they cast their ballot? Does it refer to that great inarticulate group of our citizenship who are not particularly anxious for any sor

of notoriety or fame, who are quite content to have their little home, their own fireside, to go about their daily tasks, when there are daily tasks, performing them with loyalty and distinction, making their sacrifices in their homes for those that they love, rarely getting their names in the paper, only on the occasion of their birth and a short obituary on their passing, who are identified with some institution of religion and give it their loyalty, attend its services, raise their children in its schools, living their little lives upon the stage of the world waiting for the final curtain, speaking their lines well, playing their parts with fidelity, and then pass off into the mysterious—is that the forgotten man, is that what we mean when we say it? The man who is not at all bombastic, not at all noisy, the man who belongs to his fraternity, his lodge perhaps, the man who in a very even tempo lives his life year in and year out, voting, taking an interest in things, but doing it all in a quiet unassuming manner lacking dynamic quality, yet willing to watch the procession, in its anxiety for greed and gold, march by. What is the forgotten man? Who is this individual?

Now it is always an attestation of the correctly directed mind if before one very gibly uses a phrase one understands somewhat of the background and the composition which is implied. Before anyone has a solution to the ills of human society one must know those constituents that have entered into the formation of that society. Before one can be a physician to the ill one must know the growth and development and the functioning of the human body, and before one can have a panacea, which are so glibly announced in public utterances, which they claim will result in overcoming all the difficulties and solving all the problems of human society, one certainly must command that sort of constructive intellect evidencing a careful understanding and penetration of the construction of the situation that is demanding solution. That is one of the reasons why I would like to submit to my listeners and to you who are here the name of a book, a book that I wish everyone would read. The tragedy of it is that it is not an inexpensive book, but it is one that I wish all would read. I wish that we had money enough in the Chicago Public Library so that the Board of Trustees, of which I am a member could buy 1,000 copies of this book. As a matter of fact we have not had money enough to buy any books since the first of last June, which leads me to this affirmation and interesting observation, that in spite of the fact that no new books have gone into the library since the first of last June, we have over a million books a month being read by the citizens of Chicago. Over a million books are circulating every month among the citizens of Chicago, and they are not new books, the public are reading the old books which reminds me of what Emerson once said, that every time a new book was published he read an old one. That is what a lot of our patrons are doing today.

But there is one book written by an authority, and these days when every utterance of every man and every editor and every sermon, we, who have the ever deepening responsibility of moulding public opinion and directing human thinking, never ought to be as careful of our sources of information, we never ought to be as careful of an analysis of our motifs. It ought to sober all of it; it has me. There was a time in my ministry when I would let myself be utterly torn to tatters by such extravagance of utterance that in the light of careful contemplation and deeper thought I would be absolutely humiliated and

ashamed of my own utterances. I demand of you today one thing, —you who listen and read, who are seriously attempting to study the problems of modern life—to make one great test of everything you say, or read, or hear, and that is first the test of information. Next, the test of motif—why is he saying what he is saying? That's a great question to ask—what is the source of the information? Plato said over twenty-three centuries ago that the chief danger of any democracy was to have the sources of their information polluted, and what was true 2500 years ago is just as true today. I am as confident of this as I am confident of anything, that when the world gets out of its trouble and these problems are seen in perspective and solved with reason, that we will overcome our difficulties not by hatreds, not by perjudices, not by selfish interests of men, but we will solve our problems by clear, concise, constructive thinking as the first approach all the way through the problem.

So when I come to this book that I submit to you, I submit it because it is written by an authority, a man who is Professor of the Science of Sociology at Yale University, a man under the name of Professor Keller, and the book is called 'Man's Rough Road,' and fifteen minutes a day for the next 30 days will give you an understanding of the growth and the development and the processes and the ideals that have entered into the development of this picture which we have today of society as it is now functioning and expressing itself.

When I came across this phrase 'The Forgotten Man' I said to myself, is this another evidence of a growing caste system in a democracy, is it another evidence that the old familiar adage that was so frequently on the lips of the untutored that 'The rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer,' and in between is an ever deepening chasm that all the humanitarianism of social service cannot bridge with a bridge strong enough to hold up the disintegrating types of casts in our modern society? Is there a caste of humanity in America under the classification of 'Forgotten Folk' and what are we to hope for and expect for these forgotten folk?

I wanted to be logical and constructive and I was not satisfied merely with the phrase or any interpretation which has been placed upon it merely by political aspect, and so I started a research and after finding all that I could about the source of the phrase, where it came from, what it meant, when it was originally used, the man who first used it, the book which you can read to this day in which the phrase was used as a title essay, as the first essay of a book of essays, a man whose personality will never be forgotten in that most interesting and necessary of all the sciences just now, the Science of Sociology. Some of you older people of another generation may remember seeing a sign, so Professor Keller tells us, which said: 'Professor William Graham Sumner will lecture on the Forgotten Man.' That was the first time the phrase was ever used, and all of the students of Yale University before the year 1910 will remember very well Professor Sumner. He was born in 1840, twenty years before the outbreak of the Civil War, and he died in 1910. In between, this man was the first man in the western world to apply the inductive method of reasoning, the inductive scientific method of the approach of thought to the problem of society, and I say that with all due respect to that first great sociologist, Herbert Spencer, but this man was the very first that applied the inductive process to the problem of human society. I say

it because I want you to realize how elemental and fundamental he was and how safe he is to consider in the light of our contemporary difficulties.

His was a varied career. At one time he was an Episcopal clergyman, he later studied law, then became a teacher, and the trustees of Yale University invited him to come into that great institution, where he went, and gave the last years of his life. He was a man of such keen, precise, scientific accuracy in the realm of humanity and social understanding that he remains today the authority in the realm of social sciences, and not to know Professor Sumner is to be ignorant of one of the most basic minds in the whole question of the social problem.

He used the phrase 'The Forgotten Man' and used it as a subject of a lecture which he gave as 'The Forgotten Man' and which has influenced tremendously all students in the territory of sociology. To give you one illustration, may I submit to you a remark that was made by Mr. Dwight Morrow at the time the question of the American Merchant Marine was up for discussion in the United States Congress? He was asked 'What is the very best treaties, from a real scientific, sociological point of view, devoid of all the bombast and superficialities of unthinking orators?' Mr. Morrow replied: 'The authority on the American Merchant Marine is a book published in 1881 by William Graham Sumner of Yale University on the question 'Ought the United States of America to own merchant ships?' That was a treatise published in 1881, and I only give it by way of illustration.

Professor Sumner made a contribution to our present solution of the problems confronting us by separating them from party or political loyalty. As one of the very bases of his thesis in regard to the solution of the problems of society he said this, that the problems of nations can never be permanently settled merely by the expediency manifested in political acts or organizations. It will only be, he said, when the forgotten man —a phrase that I shall describe more minutely in a moment—shall be given an opportunity to articulate by participation in all of these problems, not on the basis of political alignments but on the basis of sociological science, implying that in the field of economics the tragic spectacle of today, which is an affirmation of this truth—for there is not an important, outstanding financial leader in all this wide, wide world, and this is a very generalized statement, and I, myself, am suspicious of generalities,—but I do not know of a single, solitary so-called financial genius who has acquired financial supremacy in this world today that has been able to give a scientific constructive answer to the horrible situation of economics and industry. I have yet to hear an utterance from a financier, as such—I hear all sorts of panaceas, all sorts of loyalties being asked—but I have yet to hear—possibly, if I were to make an exception I should name General Swope with his plan given 14 months ago, possibly I might make that exception although there are some aspects of the plan that might deny that exception—but a financial genius, as such, who has taken a system as it existed under a legislative power which obtained, and then gone to the very top in the aquisition of the power that comes from a personal accumulation of wealth, with the associated power that comes from a system of interlocking directorates, and let me pause long enough to say this: In any plan of reconstruction of financial stability there must be uppermost one necessary thought, and that is the decentralization of great power that is personally achieved with the present system of corporate groups by interlocking director-

ates. DECENTRALIZATION OF WEALTH must always be considered in any permanent plan for economic recovery. I do not say that with any passion or any other motif. I only say it as the final thought of some of the best minds who have given consideration to these tremendous problems.

Now, then, the forgotten man! Who is this forgotten man that we have been hearing about? Well, I have come to this conclusion, that he is not merely the poor man, the forgotten man is not merely poor. The fact of the matter is a merely poor man never lets anyone forget him. You cannot forget a very poor man. I do not mean, of course, the man which I have introduced to you a few minutes ago who does not take a dramatic stand in human society. I do not think of the forgotten man as the man who is borne away in the former whirl of industry in its effort to dehumanize mankind by putting man along side of a machine with all the brutality of mere technique in the process of manufacture. I do not even think of that man as the forgotten man. Nor do I think of the hundreds of thousands of men incarcerated as the enemies of society and dangerous to the social good. I do not mean any of these more or less superficial ideas, I mean something else when I say the forgotten man.

I saw one of them this week when I was on a train going from Grand Rapids to Kalamazoo on the New York Central railroad. I sat in my seat after we had left Grand Rapids and I saw a man who was alone out in a field and he had a team of horses and a wagon with a high box built around it and he was coming to husk corn from the shocks and was throwing the ears of corn into the wagonbox. I looked at that man and I said: 'I wonder if the powers, who, by manipulations are at the present time compelling a fluctuation of the stock markets of America for the specific purpose, perhaps, of introducing political pressure into the American scene, if they think that that man out there with that ear of corn that he might just as well take home and put in his stove and burn to heat his home as to sell it for what it is bringing today, if that man may not be a forgotten man, that these who have forgotten him might have to reckon with before we are through?'

I saw another one in the Ozark mountains on a trip I made through Missouri. I saw another forgotten man the other day in the wheatfields of Kansas where I saw Ozark farmers plowing under their garden produce, while 50 little children went to school hungry that morning within a few hundred miles of where that farmer plowed up his food with the stock market yesterday striking a new low in wheat. Never in the history of the stock markets has wheat sold for what it sold for yesterday!

Then I thought of another forgotten man, not a radical, not a communist. The forgotten men of America are not Russians, they are not communists, they are the honest, honorable, hard-working citizens of the United States who under stress, tempests, floods, success and failure have gone on about their way trying to make an honest, honorable living in the United States of America. That's who they are! And let me say again that the enemies of these United States of ours are not the enemies that are imported into this country from foreign influence. They are the enemies who by greed and avarice and corruption have taken this America of ours and by the manipulations of greed and avarice have forced ten millions of people in America into the tragedy of idleness and have compelled, by this tragedy, the Tennessee farmers to pour milk into the rivers of Tennessee while we cannot get

milk enough in Chicago to give our poor and our children the sustenance of that necessary article of diet! The real enemies of America are not communists in Russia, nor Fascisti in Italy, the enemies of this America which I love are the men and the institutions in the United States itself who create these conditions that make communists and make radicals and make hungry folk by their own selfishness and their own greed! These are the enemies of the United States of America! Destroy them, and you have destroyed that which makes unrest, radicals and reds!

Tomorrow, in this city, there is going to be a 'Hunger parade.' Thereis going to be a great march from three groups of this city, North, South and West, and they are going to parade down Michigan Avenue and they are going to Grant Park. I have never seen a 'Hunger march' in this city, and it will not do any good. It is not marchers we want; it is jobs, not marchers and parades. It will be economic sanity that will solve questions. I am going down tomorrow to see the parade. I have seen the riots on the streets of Berlin this past summer; I have seen men shot and killed in those riots within a short distance from where I stood. I have seen food riots in the City of London, protest riots in France. I have been experiencing those things for the past six months, and I am going tomorrow to see this parade and if my words can mean anything to those who march and to the constituted authority, I want to say to you that I have stood in Hyde Park in the City of London when there were 5,000 hungry, jobless men, and during the past few days we have seen a mob of 25-000 of these men, many of whom came into the City of London for the first time, almost the first time! Revolution knocks at the gates of that nation that has always muddled through! I stand in the sacred responsibility of this hour uttering words that to me are so significant! Every atom of my soul and every ounce of my being is being put into my words! The metropolitan police of London are not even armed; they do not carry a gun, and I beg every marcher and every police officer tomorrow that we save any future disgrace to our city which we love and to the commonwealth of which we are a part by not having any clash or brutality or any bloodshed on the streets of the City of Chicago tomorrow! (Applause) I ask that those who march respect the order and the law of our city, and I ask those who protect those marchers that not a club be used or a gun fired in whatever happens in our city tomorrow. Let us conduct ourselves with loyalty and with love to each other and to our city.

Revolution and bloodshed will gain nothing. Underneath the surface there have been brought to me certain innuendoes and certain defiances; 750,000 men and women in the metropolitan area of Chicago out of work, let us not forget that! I beg of you, we must get $7,500,000; we must do this. I don't want to be dogmatic in this matter. I am trying to be reserved and to be honest, but it is our duty to go to the polls on the 8th of November and pass this $20,000,000. bond issue. It is the duty of the people of Illinois to pass that issue, If you do not vote for it, this relief which must be provided for, will go back on the tax rolls in increased taxes. If you do pass it it will be taken out from the gas tax of the State of Illinois for a period of ten years and it will not work a burden or hardship to anyone. I ask you on behalf of the poor and the unemployed that you vote for that issue! And I ask the rich, those who can—I saw a list last evening in a newspaper of contributions which had already been made and I saw a corporation in

this city that was down for $20,000, which is a lot of money until you know the corporation. That $20,000 is hardly pocket and cigar money. Now is the time for us to make patriotism something else besides waving a flag or singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Now is the time, if ever, in the history of America and of Chicago to really reveal the depths and the quality of our patriotism! You and I, not only the City of Chicago, but America! Are we going to fail? NO!

When I landed in New York and went down Broadway and saw that breadline in New York City, thousands of men being fed who were jobless, and almost across the street they were pay-Eddie Cantor $15,000 a week for singing 'Potatoes are cheap, tomatoes are cheap, now is the time to fall in love.' When I see the little frizzled, painted, bespangled girls living in the Hollywood filth, on the payrolls to the extent of thousands of dollars that only mutilate their own souls, I am wondering about forgotten people.

I was down in St. Louis the other day and they had that snake which was caught in a spider's web for only one reason and that was because it stuck its nose into someone else's business. In the first place it was caught around the nose. I saw it, and after the 24th day the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose work I endorse and support and always will, and I have no criticism against them, but they had a luncheon meeting at the hotel and decided it was a cruel performance and asked the authorities to stop that business. The next day the butcher got hold of the snake and put it in a glass jar in his shop with this inscription: 'This is what I get for sticking my nose into someone else's business.' But the interesting thing was that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was incensed because a snake was caught in a spider's web, but before they went into that protest meeting, these women had a glorious luncheon on roast lamb! What I am asking for when I use that illustration is for a sense of values. Let us get excited about things that matter! Let us devote our interest and our loyalty to the thing that now matters, and that is what? How to synchronize sea, soil and industry. That's America's problem in one sentence. All wealth springs from the soil and the sea, and how to synchronize soil, sea and machinery is America's problem in the world of economics and that is going to be settled not by unthinking phrases, not by ephemeral politicians, it is going to be settled by scientific economists when the forgotten people of America make themselves articulate to inspire action and not be deceived by the fireworks of mere politicians! That's what's going to happen!

And now I close with this illustration, thanking you for the splendid help you have been to me this morning. I feel very deeply, my friends, these days the responsibility of this task as I have never felt it before. These are days that are pregnant with great possibilities. I am not discouraged; I am not disheartened; the United States of America is not going to hell. We are going to solve these problems. We have got men enough, and brains enough, and character enough; we have youth enough; we have spirit enough, and we are not going to turn this country and our future over to any kind of dictator, proletariat, or fascisti; we are going to redeem the situation; we are going to get out of it, and to have lived in it and to have had a part in it is glorious! If I could inspire everyone hearing me with this truth, I think I would do something that would really count in the program, because that is what I want to do. I want to see the wheels of in-

dustry turning, the farmers getting an honorable price for their commodities, the principle of stabliziation. I want to see the decentralization of great industries to the extent that the small manufacturer will have an equal opportunity.

I spent a few moments the other day with a young man by the name of William C. Grunow, who distinguished himself as a great manufacturer, and is now in the midst of a great program which will revolutionize the principles of manufacture. I see the beginning of a new spirit. It was one of the most spectacular illustrations. What is going to be done is not to depend upon stock markets and bombast, but actual values, and getting down to actual values is hopeful. I can see an outward and upward trend everywhere. I am not in despair. I feel exactly, even with the cries of hungry children, with the march of the jobless, what we are going to do to feed and protect them. This church is not going to turn anyone away. We are going to work through the Relief Department and no man, woman or child is going from this church without being fed and clothed if you will only go on sending me your old clothes and shoes. We are going to finish the job and while we are doing it we are going to build anew and better.

September 21st was the anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Scott. I was reading again those novels of my childhood that commanded so much interest. That has changed and altered, but there is always one which holds its charm and that is 'Ivanhoe.' I read that on his deathbed on September 21st, 1832, Sir Walter Scott wrote this as his last line:

'Now, then, forward march all together, one for humanity, and humanity one.' "

"The fellow who thinks the world owes him a living, usually doesn't live very well."

PASTOR'S CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

17—Returned to Chicago.
18—Opening sermon Peoples Church.
19—Tower, Minn.
20—Tower, Minn.
21—Tower, Minn.
23—Tower, Minn.
25—Sermon, Peoples Church.
26—Linden, Mich.
27—Linden, Mich.
28—Address, Linden, Mich.
30—St. Joseph, Mich.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

October third the Woman's Club opened their activities with a luncheon at the Copeland Hotel. The dining room was filled and everybody seemed glad to see everyone else, to judge by smiling faces as greetings were exchanged, vacation experiences and club plans talked over during the luncheon hour.

Mrs. Henry Hardy, Mrs. Frederick C. Justice, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were guests of honor. Mrs. Hermsdorf made the address of welcome. Mrs. Bradley extended greetings and congratulations on beginning the twentieth year, and expressed happiness upon returning safely from Europe and appreciation for The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church greater than ever. Short addresses were made by all the guests of honor, closing with a stirring address by Dr. Bradley on World Affairs. Mr. Glenn Most, baritone, sang a group of songs most pleasingly.

Thus the Woman's club was launched on a new year with high hopes for the work ahead.

"Chicago Historical Day" was observed October 10th, in Channing Hall by the Club. A most interesting program was offered by the chairman of the Educational Department, Mrs. Callie Jeanne Stillson. The speakers were Herma Clark of the Chicago Tribune, Mrs. Henry Hardy, President of Chicago and Cook

County Federation, Mrs. Addie Farrar Hinman, President of Cook County League and Mrs. H. J. Thayer, member of an old Chicago family. The papers read by these ladies—or addresses made—were of keenest interest and of considerable wit. There were also interesting pictures of early Chicago and other mementoes and relics on display.

There was rather a small audience on account of extremely inclement weather. But those present enjoyed to the utmost this delightful program, easily numbered one of the best to the credit of the Woman's Club.

The chairman, Mrs. Stillson, read such an excellent paper that we have asked permission to publish it in this issue of The Liberalist in order that those who were not present might enjoy it.

October 17th, a very enjoyable card party was given by the Ways and Means Committee, with Mrs. H. J. Huckins, chairman. There was also a bake sale in connection with this party, the entire afternoon being a very successful one. Mrs. Huckins is a very able chairman always full of ways and means and pleasant plans.

October 24th, was an afternoon long to be remembered in the hearts of those who attended the program given by the department of literature, Mrs. Matthew Riley, chairman, Mrs. Riley presented Mrs. Anne Hoen in readings and intimate sketches of Edwin Markham. The inexplicable charm and philosophy of this little woman was such that everyone felt better for having seen and heard her. The other half of the program was equally as delightful and uplifting, Mr. Robt. Metzler in piano recital. It is always a privilege and a pleasure to hear this young artist.

G. B.

Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have.— **Harry Emerson Fosdick.**

A TABLOID HISTORY OF CHICAGO

To condense into a 10 or 15 minute paper a comprehensive history of one of the greatest cities of the World, is, in itself no small task, and of course only a few of its most outstanding high lights merely can be touched upon.

For the facts here presented I am indebted to Major Joseph Kirkland's "Story of Chicago" and his "Story of the Chicago Massacre of 1812." I had the privilege of knowing Major Kirkland intimately, and of doing some of the manuscript work on these volumes.

I wonder how many of us know that the word Chicago, originally spelled "Chicagou" was the name of the wild onion, leek or garlic that abounded on the vast prairies in those early days. Another word "Shegago" meant skunk, or skunk weed. The Chicago River was originally called "Garlic Creek," and all of this may account for some of the noxious odors, natural, social and political that from time to time have smelled to high heaven, in the history of our city. Once it was even suggested that the wild garlic, root, leaf and blossom be adopted as our civic city emblem. By the light of later developments, it is perhaps well it was not done. It might have been too suggestive.

Perhaps the outstanding epochs of Chicago that have brought her into world prominence, favorable and otherwise, are: Its discovery in 1680 by De La Salle. Its settlement by various tribes of savages in succeeding years. The drifting in of the whites early in 1700. The permanent granting of the present site of Chicago to the whites in 1790. The establishment of Fort Dearborn in 1804. The Chicago Massacre of August 15th, 1812. The achievement of its city charter in 1833. The Chicago Fire October 9th, 1871. The

Haymarket Riot in 1886. The Columbian Exposition or World's Fair in 1893. The preparation for the 1933 Century of Progress Exposition, now in hand. The most far reaching and dramatic of these were of course the massacre and the great fire.

The growth and advancement of our great city are almost beyond belief. 120 years ago the entire city consisted of a small wooden fort and a few straggling houses on the bank of the Chicago River, on the site now occupied by the great London Guarantee and Trust Building, and a few storage shacks occupying what was for years the headquarters of the Kirk Soap factory on the opposite bank.

Try to picture to yourself the vast expanse of sand, lying hot and glistening in the almost suffocating heat of that August morning away back in 1812, with the long-washing waves of Lake Michigan, blue and sparkling, gently lapping upon the sloping shores. The wooden gates of the fort swing back! In slow, solemn procession, preceded by the fort band playing a funeral dirge, march forth the little company, the entire population of the fort, who, even including the so-called friendly Indians from Ft. Wayne come to form an escort, number scarcely a hundred souls. The cavalcade — marching Indians, mounted men, provision and transport wagons and all, reaching barely from the river to what is now Madison Street, like a thin black ribbon weaving its way southward over the scorching sands. One brief hour and they had reached what is now 18th Street, when from behind sand hillocks on every side poured forth hordes of painted savages, making the air hideous with blood curdling war cries and visciously brandishing their tomahawks.

In devilish glee they fell upon the long, thin, unprotected line of men and women and helpless children, and one of the most horrible tragedies of history was over in a few minutes, with only some half score survivors among the whites who miraculously escaped the massacre and lived to tell the bloody tale. In 1893 a statue in commemoration of this terrible debacle was erected in front of the Geo. M. Pullman residence at 18th Street and Prairie Avenue, the approximate site of the beginning of the massacre.

For years thereafter the place where Fort Dearborn had been was only a barren and unoccupied waste, but venturesome whites slowly drifted in, banded together for protection, built houses, tilled the land and called it "home." Its geographical location, its easy access by land and water early attracted traders and merchant-men, and a town began to grow. In the year 1833 it obtained its city charter, but who, of those early city fathers could foresee the miracle city that we know, that would thrust itself hundreds of feet skyward in great buildings not even dreamed of in those early years. The hundreds of miles of smooth highways—arteries stretching in all directions in and from the city.

Its beautiful parks, its magnificent seat of learning, its palatial homes, mammoth apartment buildings and even Garlic Creek a water artery for hundreds of great pleasure and commercial craft each year. More marvelous than to youngsters' eyes are the pictures in Aladdin's lamp, would be our great city of today could the ghosts of those departed red men and early settlers return to the place of their early exploits. But these are of today.

In those far away early years our city was builded cheaply and unsubstantially. Just HOW unsubstantially was to be tragically demonstrated by so apparently an unimportant event as the kicking over of an ordinary lamp by an impatient, but basically inoffensive cow. And never before

or since did a gentle, brown eyed bovine achieve such lastng and world-wide notoriety as did Mrs. O'Leary's cow who started the conflagration on October 9th 1871, that was first to destroy and then rebuild the City of Chicago.

A long drought had made the whole city—built mostly of wood, —like a tinder box, and a high wind was all that was needed to carry first a few sparks, then bits of burning refuse and finally great flaming embers through the air, depositing them recklessly in all directions on the tinderlike houses, until in an incredibly short space of time the whole city was a seething, roaring, firey furnace, from which humans were fleeing in panic, by the thousands, in the utmost confusion and disorder. It is almost impossible for us, of today, with sturdy, brick, stone and concrete homes, sidewalks and pavements, fire proof buildings, ample, efficient, high pressure fire departments, chemical engines and sprinkler service, all conspiring to prevent flames spreading rapidly, to realize how, in a few short hours such terrible havoc could be wrought by fire. Yet, at that, statistics show that billions of dollars worth of property are destroyed annually throughout the country, most of which could be prevented by a little ordinary and thoughtful care.

It has always been said that this great holocaust was a blessing in disguise. That, left to itself, early Chicago would have remained a straggling, cheap and shoddy city, many of its districts plague spots and retarding its growth. But swept clean by purifying fire it rose from the ashes a chastened, cleansed and a reborn community, to the greatness of which its achievements of today testify.

Then the great, magnificent Columbian Exposition of 1893, commemorating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, again brought Chicago before the whole world, for practically every civilized country was represented in its exhibits and we entertained royalty from many nations as well as humbler but just as important personages from the seats of learning and of science everywhere. Up to that time there had never been known so stupendous an undertaking and young Chicago carried her responsibilities and her honors successfully and with dignity. Catastrophies were few, the most outstanding being the burning of the Cold Storage Building on the afternoon of July 10th, when seventeen of our brave firemen lost their lives in their heroic efforts to save the structure. It was said there were over 130,000 people in the grounds that day and that over a third of them witnessed the tragedy. And all because someone did not follow closely the plans of the architect, and left off in the finishing touches one apparently unimportant little cap to the smokestack!

The other outstanding tragedy that shocked the entire world and turned the last days of the Fair into mourning was the cowardly assassination of our Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, Sr., a man of great refinement, culture, education and personal charm, capable of meeting people of all rank and class with finesse and aplomb, and of whom Chicago had had reason to be proud throughout the entire fair.

Then stretched the long years, each passing in rapid succession, without unduly spectacular occurrences but seeing a steady, rapid growth and improvement, until today our own beloved Chicago can no longer justly be called an overgrown village, but a "proud city by the sea," second in size, I believe in America and not far down the line from the top in the cites of the whole world, a teeming center of commerce, of learning, of the arts,

and most of all, of full hearted humanity, of cordiality and hospitality for all within its borders and all who are in need.

No matter from whence comes a cry for help, whether from Japan or Russia or China, or from our own midst, quickly, gallantly, loyally and uncomplainingly and willingly and with unstinted generosiy, Chicago is always in the front rank of the givers. And may God speed the day, and may we all live to see it, when she shall arise in her might, purge her seats of graft, dishonesty, selfishness and greed and become the "great and noble city of all the earth" of which she is so fully capable, and that her three million people would be proud to see her do.

Callie Jeanne Stillson.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

A New Season

It seems incredible that we have hardly finished our second edition of our Uptown Gaieties and all gone away for the summer in order to spend those gay days of warmth and sunlight far from dramatics and scenery and teas, before we are again getting under way with a new tea, a new play and a new season. The incredible part of it is the shortness of time, a fact that has been observed since time immemorial, and a fact about which nothing has ever been done.

But here we are again, with our histrionics, our plays, our teas and our scenery ready to devote night after night to rehearsals and three nights each, six times this winter, to offering our productions for public view. You, dear friends, have already been present, at least some of you have, at our first tea, which was held the first Sunday in October. You will recall that Mr. James Bradley-Griffin, read Noel Coward's newest play, in which he turned from his gay and frothy comedies to a deep and latent patriotism, so stupendously written and staged, in "Cavalcade," which Mr. Griffin, in his reading of it, projected to each and every listener, and there were quite a few. The proverbial, or should I say literal, tea was served afterwards in Bradley Hall, accompanied by some very choice cakes.

Then again time flew by and our first night was under way. A first night of our new season, at which, Rachel Crother's amusing comedy, "Let Us Be Gay" was presented with some breathtaking scenery and some very good acting, on the part of Miss Julia Sparling, Miss Dorothy Tanner, Mr. Donald Briggs, and their able support, including many divergent types, for which the Uptown Players are justly notable. The play of course, under the direction of Mr. Griffin, again exploited his flair for excellent stage pictures and realistic characterizations. And so our first production of this season was a success, drawing some six hundred and fifty people the three nights.

Our next production as some of you know, will be an original play by our director, Mr. James Bradley-Griffin, called "In The Crowd." He wrote it this summer directly after his return from a European vacation. In order to give it the best setting possible, the players voted to produce it at The Goodman Memorial Theatre, at the outer drive and Monroe Street, a beautiful playhouse, with which you are all familiar. This will mark the first time in the history of Mr. Griffin's association with the Uptown Players, in which he will direct a full length play of his own writing. But it will be the second time in which the players have offered the comfort of a modern theatre with its excellent seating capacity to the public, the first having occurred several years ago when we did Mrs. Emerson's original play: "The Demi-God" at the Chicago Woman's Club theatre.

"In The Crowd" will employ every player of our group in the prologue and epilogue and a very careful casting of the main characters in the play itself. It promises to be our most ambitious and colorful undertaking since we began and we sincerely hope that we will have your patronage then in the same generous proportions as we have had it in the past. All seats will be reserved and the price of tickets will be one dollar. The play, "In The Crowd" by James Bradley Griffin will be presented at the Goodman Memorial Theatre on the nights of December 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Don't miss it, for it will be worth your time and worth far more than your dollar.

Our second Sunday tea of this season will be held as usual in Channing Hall and Bradley Hall, on November sixth, the first Sunday in November. You are invited to attend. Admission will be twenty-five cents.

H. R.

GOOD MORNING!

I am a new Day! You have never seen me before, and you shall never see me again. I return to solace you for your failures, and gird your loins with renewed strength for the unexpected. I am the golden link that binds your yesterdays with your tomorrows. Therefore, do not squander me as a spendthrift who barters the future's security for an hour of fruitless pleasure. I offer you a magic key that will open any door. Do you want strength? Then champion the cause of weakness. Do you want fame? Then do more than duty demands. Do you want happiness? Then perform some petty irritating task. Do you want friends? Then treasure in your bosom another's mortal agony. Do you want peace? Then fill the loneliness of your heart with the companionship of high ideals. Do you want victory? Then learn to fail with an unconquered heart. Do you want to find God? Then dry tear-filled eyes, clothe shivering backs, feed hungry mouths, comfort broken hearts, lighten darkened minds, and redeem wasted lives. Thus, having done at least one worthy act, helpful to another pilgrim soul, the remembrance of it shall fill your life with tranquility as you seek rest at eventide.

Argow.

AN AUTUMN SONG

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.
The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.
There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must follow her,
When from every hill aflame,
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman.

HEROES ALL AROUND US

On the shores of turbulent Lake Huron there is a lighthouse called Giants' Tomb. Not many years ago Alfred H. Griffiths and his wife were the keepers of the light.

One night, as the waves were rolling high and the storm beating them violently against the isolated tower, death entered and claimed his helpmate of many years. For three days and nights, with unabated violence, the storm raged, sealing the lighthouse from any possibility of communication with the mainland. Griffiths, mourning and alone, kept vigil of the light. And ships that passed, and took comfort and direction from its piercing gleam, guessed little that the storm that raged within the

sanctuary made the one without as but a calm.

How many there are, who, in humbleness and obscurity, deprived of even the sustaining hand and voice of friend, do the day's work with a steadfastness truly heroic! They are all about us, every day, in the streets, brushing our sleeves in train and trolley, perhaps beside us in mill or office. And we know it not. Only occasionally the accumulated lightnings cleave away the clouds and reveal the true stature of men's souls.

What was it that sustained Alfred Griffiths in those three terrible days and nights? It was the light! And the light was the service he rendered to his fellowmen! That is the light that will sustain every man if he will keep true to it.

Pittsburgh Sun.

AS WE WERE SAYING

"What this country needs is a great poem. Something to lift people out of fear and selfishness. Every once in a while someone catches words out of the air and gives a nation an inspiration. You remember Kipling's "Recessional," and that poem of Markham's suggested by Millet's painting, "The Man With the Hoe." We need something to raise our eyes beyond the immediate horizon. A great nation can't go along just watching its feet. The kind of words I imagine needn't be very complicated. I'd like to see something simple enough for a child to put his hand on his chest and spout in school on Fridays. I keep looking for it, but I don't see it. Sometimes a great poem can do more than legislation. Kipling's "Recessional" really did something to England when it was published. It helped them through a bad time. Let me know if you find any great poems lying around."—Quoted by Christopher Morley, essayist and novelist, from a recent interview with President Hoover.

CHILD WISH

Teach me flowers: and in the dell,
When I know them really well,
I shall think that every bell
Nods to me.

Teach me birds: and when I go
Where their singing arbors grow
I shall hear a voice I know
Sing to me.

Teach me stars: and from the sky,
Dark and lonely when I lie,
I shall feel a friendly eye
Watching me.

How I wish that things so sweet
Could, like children when we meet
With our nurses down the street,
Speak to me!

From "Poems," by Walter Wingate.

True religion carries health and strength into the soul. Religion is only another word for the right use of man's whole self. It gives them direction for the achievement of duty; it opens to them the coming world.

Henry Ward Beecher.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

Theodore Roosevelt.

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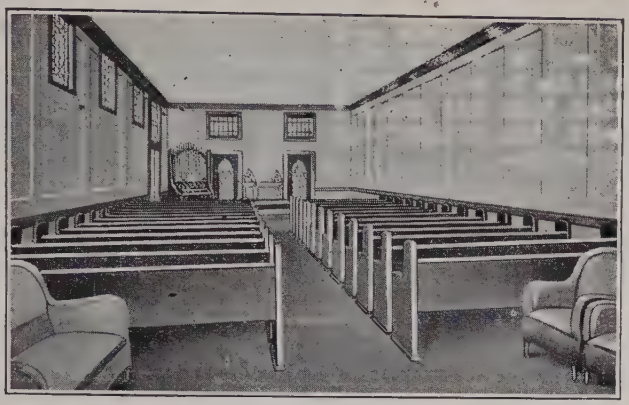

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